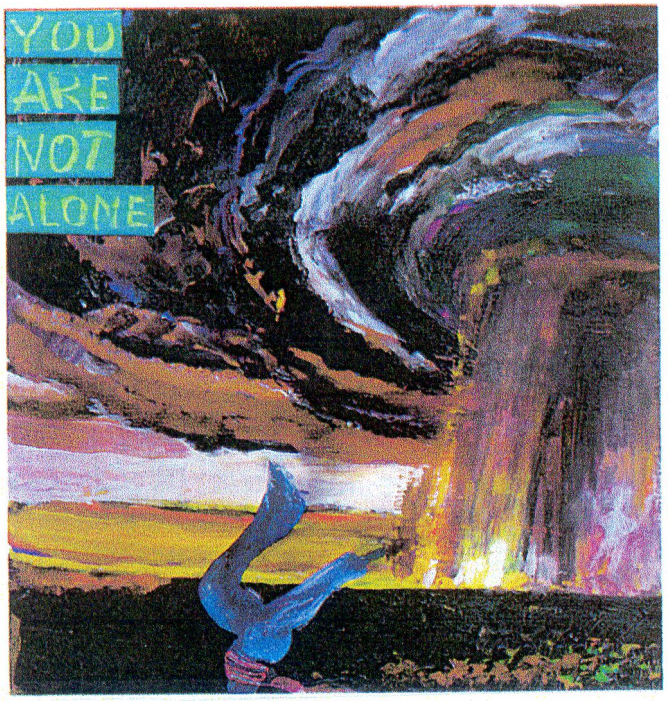
MISTO PEAS

The Tiny Special Stories



Al Blaster Ackerman

Hacks Up John M. Bennett

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MAN WITH HIS NUTS ON HIS NECK

LUNA BISONTE PRODS

2009

MISTO PEAS
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Hacks Up John M. Bennett

These tales were created by Al Ackerman derived in part from recent poems by John M. Bennett, from the following books by Bennett, and from many other sources, some unnamable:

SPITTING DDREAMS, Puhos, Finland/W. Hartford, CT: Blue Lion Books, 2009

INSTRUCTION BOOK, Columbus, OH: Luna Bisonte Prods, 2006

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LUNA BISONTE PRODS
137 Leland Ave.
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Another tiny special story

THROUGH THE DOOR

There was the usual commotion attending the discovery of 2 fried eggs nailed to elastic fingers stuck through the door. Nevertheless, Easy shook hands stolidly and peeled off his own gloves, preparatory to entering the kitchen. He thought about whipping up a nice omlette. He thought about the painter Franz Kline, back in the 1940s, who had been so broke his dog ate a bar of soap.

(NOTE: Each of these Tiny Special Stories have their basis in the poetry and secret vocabulary of John M. Bennett)

Another tiny special story

MOST PEOPLE

Moro Bishi says Love is the green rose! And that's not all. Two large inexpensive hotels stood opposite the post office; and in front of them innumerable little tables surged out into the street. The customers, chiefly German, refreshed themselves with phrases they had learnt from books, then, as their passion grew, becoming incoherent, held up buzzard stamps to the sun, crying that these buzzard stamps showed that such birds were engaged in the unquestioning performance of their duty, and that is why the stuff hanging out of their beaks resembled bloop & offal. Also, though most people don't realize it, these gobblers of carrion have real sweet breath.

(from JMB of 12/2/06 etc)

NOTE: Thanks to MALOK for the Moro Bishi quote

PLUMP BUT CRAZY

Yr hip ray jewel strolls ahead. It forms the jewel your anus jewel strolls ahead of, and also anus jello like a flag. I feel it's given me the right--the obligation, even--to do anything I choose. That means strange enigmatic palms screened the lagoon & sea, & the wife & son standing on the opposite bank appear to be eliminated by approaching forward motion in a special world we cd not share: the world of stretch pants! Sooner or later, they were required for survival to sweat uncomfortably; sooner or later the muddy sack gropes ahead to find a nudder shape. That's OK because slaw-clock, entered for my thought, was speaking and it said, of American poetry, and life in general, about time now to jump on the fatal closet darkbulb and order the gorgeous presidency of MOON X.

(from JMB of 5/14/08 etc)

Another tiny special story

THAT SOUND OF YOU

The shadow of yr smokehouse seemed to orange your face until it nods and you cried out it was gas needle dimming in yr eye. The neighbors weren't havin' none of that dimming in yr eye jive, one said, "Right now as nal gas echoes cross the malls and parking lots, makin' it sorta seem like nal gas along yr eyelids being long burned steady where your stomach fixation goin' skinny, goin' pook an restive etc., as all get out? And why are you sweatin' in a plastic bag?" No answer. And friends, when you go to bed, where the snakes are waitin' and you coil together like this summer when you coil together in a plastic bag.

(from JMB of 9/7/08)

GOOD TIMES, WONDERFUL MEMORIES

Your thing is lightswitch grunts and grunts the flaming nurse calls forth when appearing nightly and a crowd dream can't explain it.

And when they come I hope to be engrossed in watching the cat appear to stalk the one and only blond let flaker.

Years and years ago when I was 12 or 13 and would ride out to the state asylum every Saturday with my friend "Squint" Cagle we always made sure we sat behind some elderly person on the bus; then we'd both talk in loud obnoxious whispers about all the people we'd (supposedly) killed. Sometimes, just for variety we'd make our voices sound like something out of that Catholic school play *(The Adored Statue)* and talk about the blond leg flaker.

I'd say: Vapors escape from rocks pointing to where the blond leg flaker waits, Squint. But if we can only get the nurse to strap us to the bed all night we can be pretty sure of bundle hunt uhn jooter slept against in blot dance jooter hunda, don't you think?

I don't care, I just want to kiss whore head, I just want to kiss whore head, "Squint" would usually reply, since those were practically the only words he knew.

People around us were always reporting us to the driver. This was real success. Sometimes "Squint" wore a set of handcuffs in his belt and I wore a yarny black wig.

(from JMB of 5/20/08 etc)

Another tiny special story

MISTO PEAS

Misto Peas tumbling through the light is what is so good about never reaching the viewer, much less the reader, or it may never leave an enormous backside, where you think, "If you should ever be captured a lie detector might obtain information from you that would be dangerous to us all." That's why I had them carry you out here to the unknown physical possibly tainted green space, where description alone can never adequately locate things, in case you were wondering. I mean the problem is more subtle than it might at first appear. This next statement is not necessarily fact. But, still, people who use several power sources do not automatically poise rigid in every muscle when making their plans. And I was in fact hearing someone yelling far away. A salient example of this now occurs in long straight lines, like leg sleeves, obliterating shadows and stuck in his cheek. ("Don't worry, I am meeting dirt here at a motel address," were his very words spoken to a waffle.) It can, in effect, feed itself and it finds itself able to rate my cough like the big fella rates sleep outside the house as more fun than insane crime.

(from jmb of 11/26/09 etc and SPITTING DDREAMS)

Another tiny special story

BEFORE

A giant face is looking out of my neighbor's window at me. Or no. Wait. It's a giant feces. That's why I'm pulling an attitude like I've got a chilepepper in my wallet. That's why before I was rowing into the warehouse I was backed against the wall of my room holding a tiny knife.

(from john m. bennett's SPITTING DDREAMS)

Another tiny special story

I AM A PENCIL

One day, in the morning, I became aware of a scalded tonsil right in front of my eyes on the boardwalk a tonsil vaguely brown with a purplish aura and became deeply moved by the fact that critics of your anus don't want you to give your anus a name. The reason for my overly-emotional reaction clearly some childish habit of mind by which I light your wallet with gasoline light your zipcode with the bird light your armpit with the tongue a batrachian might bring by rinsing in the toilet flat against your door, face beets instead of north, lest that indeterminancy in such things that makes our life out here on the boardwalk such a disconected throat and towel sausage oftimes results in nothing but a message to name the crack bob like a wallet. I once owned a wallet and named it hostile form. Later, your goop fried for a little sloppy pocket instant the grinny leafy wheel spreads out like one great torture mall where your eggplant stops and stops again for nothing more than hopping jockstrap worn backwards by fool runna then takes cover as though it understood how easily a god can live a dog's life and NEARLY ALWAYS DOES.

(from JMB of 9/10/08 etc)

Another tiny special story

LONG ARMS

A man named John listens to the crusty voices behind the posters. Of course he could not grasp that they were crusty names. He couldn't even nod a while when he opened the door and saw the loaded shotgun in your neighbor's hands. When the blast came he feels surprised to see Heaven walking like a fishcake. A little later everyone hears your neighbor say, "Can you prove to me that the woman I am living with is actually the girl I married?"

(from jmb of 9/7/08)

WHICH ONE

The firelight case or the landscape case. Which one would you rather be trapped in an elevator with? I wanted some fried meat. For that matter, which wd you rather be trapped in a freight case with. While the groundhog's hoe is in itself the way the meat outside recognition adapts to meat inside you'd rather be trapped in thighs writing names. Soft white thighs. Eh? Well, sure. While the eyes crawl over shimmering rainbow on oil slick neck and gravel whose physical presence coats a large roadside with only a molecule's thickness, one can enjoy a cigarette. Squinting helps somewhat and shirtless dark shoulders carry the immediate pleasure of something on Pluto--but this might not be the best time to talk about Fauvism. Just remember: meat has to do with the fact of a shape that mimicks you. And only appearances are futile. They are gateways to black gasoline as silent crimes and dog stones grow in bed. Out of the smoke of a Salem comes the tantoline and boiling line. And watch out for the gas, that real musty kind, that holiday turkey can fill you with.

(from jmb of 12/31/08 etc etc and a brief statement by Dave Zack)

WHAT THEN MY LOVE

My subject is the dead mouse, not foghorn isolation . . . yet I have a hunch that one appeals to the eye more than to the the ear. In what sense can doubled stacks of thighs and crispy lungs bridge this awful gap? Suppose that we look out of a window and watch the big fellas that follow me. Is it clear that some big fellas have the sort of deep voices we expect a big fella to have but some squeak like chewed black spagetti or a blaze hole giving up its gent u whine? Think fast! Think fast! What if you became vitalized with cosmic energy and spasms so that you looked beyond them and saw juicy buttocks on a neck toilet?

(from JMB of 5/26/08 etc)

THE PHENOMENON

He shrugged. He had been thinking about what it means to sit on a sausage and lift the word "air" when bam! instead of nest instead of donuts why not wear a focused burning of Garuda Black Show on yr lap where lived the phenomenon itself. "O my lurid potbelly," he mused. "What do you suppose people would think if loose dead hair mocks the room and my ray my osteo floor a craw an insula a chopped feet crast formatted on lentive grapes--better yet, what would you think if the dead festive evil became kind of visible?"

"If you can't think of anything better, why don't you try to imagine sky is dah?" asked his little sister, Toscin.

"Yes, it would have to be an accident of some kind," he confided, and got busy playing in the attic until he'd locked himself in a trunk and was suffocated. That cd easily happen, you know.

"Fooled you again!" he shouted, jumping back in through phenomenon of super-dark cloud shorts, the kind unbuttoned young skunks go around in.

(from jmb of 9/7/08 etc)



Another tiny special story

THE DIMMER SHOE

Mah Nah Temple not yr shoe. It's a way of thinking objectively. But, right now, looking more closely I see two shoes--the plain crispy "tom" shoe allowing a steady leak and that stranger one which can not be readily altered to fit the dynamic world of reality. That one we'll call the dimmer shoe. With the dimmer shoe on your hand or foot and no desire to call the neighbors' attention to it, I'd say you could creep around your apartment all day without undue hot lank puddle flicking or flicking air squeaky or powder black blinky blinky . . . well, you see how all this can keep you less ready for surprise and memories than laying down all night under Preparation H. What so many people of today fail to comprehend is how back in 1948 this brand of chatter already seemed to be everywhere. There was scarcely a moment back in those days when your own troll-like chatter was not spoken against the background trill of sudden nap medication. Today it's really no different. Why we say when you awake it will no doubt be in dampness, with a large white spot down your front. You'll get the maniacal terror you wanted but you'll get something more also. A lesson about Greek Architecture changing from wood to metal and looking the same.

(from jmb of 9/17/08 etc)

Another tiny special story

THE HAPPY FLAMES

A further 3 hrs of bendler clawdit time passed. Suddenly I was jolted nearly awake when I saw a spider unrolling all the toilet paper. By chance, what might have become a seduction in itself was sucked like donut cheeks into your eyes. See how they sparkle! moreover, they seem to tell that you really know nothing much about that guy who admires you so much, the one with the big load in his pants. What a relief! For the next few minutes you'll hear nothing but the rumbling of my stomach. When I was young I had a passion for bending on the steps and staring at a cakeplate with 4 big ants on the frosting smears. Above all, the idea of my face fulla staples nodding out, fills me with such powerful holes of escape

Continued on next page

that before long I find myself following my gloves to the drugstore where when they try to caress me I turn and go back home. Sure enough, I smell the smell of focused burning as I hear you moaning in the next room. Perhaps I can make it clearer if I say your reputation in this town is not helped greatly by your habit of boiling your shorts in your room for hours on end each night. There is a dog barking next door who would gladly tear yr throat out if he could only reach you. But the inner world has no identical material to relate to, therefore the language he uses becomes painful as it explores and builds a new tower of filth in the basement.

(from jmb's SPITTING DDREAMS)

Another tiny special story

LANGLY WRITING

Today I'm speaking again of the poor woman who counted all those numbers, Hannah Something-or-other. Somehow or other, she knew that every pencil in your regrigerator is recognizable as springs of the heart. Pile the mist in yr pencil drawer if you would run down the alley leading to a rotting head, Trotsky says. In a society split into classes the possessing classes have always at their disposal the nuts in yr rice drawer. I mean, if you're insane, you work to act *knowingly*. Probably there is nothing so tiring as the position of being last in line to enter the body of the vast orange fear, even I felt the most dreadful solitude, as if I was about to hang my shirt in my closet and there's a river in my closet. And that awful grapple between tearing your hair out and yelling at Action News, held in your teeth. If you expect me to buy all this I wasn't going to argue but I was interested in why a distant voice keeps telling me I'm drinking too much coffee. I suppose you think I'm injecting too many water solubles into the top of my head as well. But really I'm only one of those curious people who more than half believe a great deal of the junk they read; only I have less money. Yes, I think it's fair to say I was watching a cat on my plate as it licked its teeth and stared at my ticking head. Most contemporary culture hounds seek recognition walking cane-eyed; amazing how little that means when you're underwater with a cat.

(from JMB's SPITTING DDREAMS)

Another tiny special story

NO GREATER DIGNITY

Without a reason a pure man has put his toe on the stair put his toe in a hat put his toe in a rubber glove and the neck of a hen. This was a pure action. He was high from holding a bag of coffdrops to his nose. That moment of intense nattering, when a human being bites the top of the table covered with score sheets was the violently colored, violently spinning world of the bowling alley. Look out for the manager! How strict are the rules of the bowling alley manager when you're the sort that's flabbering your lips while grabbing a leg. Look again at the purity of nature under the table in a bowling alley. Weird scene, grabbing a leg under the table in a bowling alley. Your bowling hand is a light bulb under my butt. My butt is playing a tune that proves music is valueless. There is no greater dignity than he who falls thrashing among the bowling pins and pretends to be a demon.

(from JMB's SPITTING DDREAMS)

Another tiny special story

FLIES

Something with an improper number of toes came around the side of the house and pointed to some flies nailed to the door. This is how the story of the mad carpenter begins. By the time it ends what we have learned has us afraid to turn around, afraid we will favor our keys over our underwear, perhaps, or maybe afraid to be shown words in the house that it was in fact a collection of foamy ice inside yr pencil nuts impending drool so I slugged a cloud, but suppose it begins to grow a key to the urgency of something else? Pendulation of the stingy towel? Gut screw's timing? Which do you think my nasal thought when it was shown how yr stonefoot came around the side of the house? By then there was nothing for it but to order ornato and sip, let stink rush yr suit a while. Nothing for necks and filthy sleeves when nothing's washed but watched a lot. Like whore head, let's say.

(from jmb's SPITTING DDREAMS, 5/20/09 etc)

Another tiny special story

WHAT WHAT

I believe there is something coming out of that ceiling light. It is not exactly more light and it sure isn't a flagpole. But what else could it be? Have I suddenly started seeing a lightbulb on a wire heaped with bloody foam and sodden rags? Or is it more like something left over from all those years when I was injecting battery acid into my forehead?

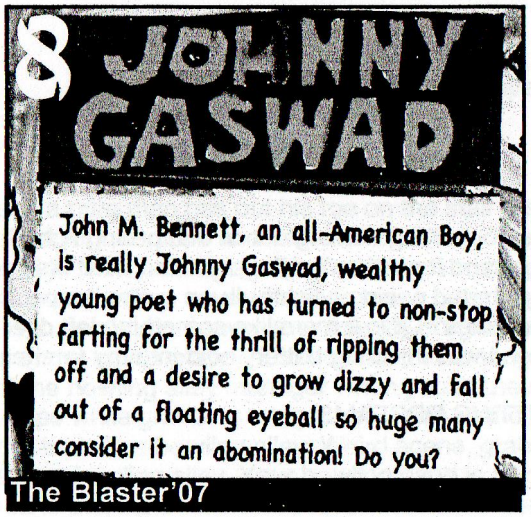
(from jmb's SPITTING DDREAMS)

Another tiny special story

DAYGLO

Sucking my watch into my shirt again, I wondered about whadda Aristotelian would say about the man drooling in his shoe that results. My teacher--Mrs. Borum--heard me, and you better believe she made it hard on me. Thus was I distracted so that I failed to see my head under water my butt under water along with shoe in the tub to say nothing of how I opened the fridge and out dumped sodden clumps of my shirt. Later I would perhaps watch more closely as sodden clumps of my shirt threatened to make me see double as they increasingly dumped out in sodden clumps as I buttoned my shirt as I sucked my watch into my shirt again and again as the Aristotelians gathered themselves near the edge of the stage to make their move and try to come at me and hurt my back. Through it all I guess I was squeezing into the john and seeing a blur in the mirror. As to the calm repetition of water drops dripping on your head, be prepared to hear some mutant voice pontificate about seeing a cannonball with language relationships it had a dayglo hat.

(from jmb's SPITTING DDREAMS)



Another tiny special story

THE RUBBER ANT

Sometimes there isn't time to find out what's true and what's falsie. Sometimes you got to set a fire and find out later. A week ago I said it was time to allow the buzzing lantern inside your face. Problem was, I'd lost my wallet. Now I was forever in this month and I kept hearing a burst of mind laughter. A savage, steely laughter it was, that ended each time in a rasp of violent thought: "You're smelling the seat of a chair and slumping down near where I live in the coinbox of a bus--are you ready now to take form in the medicine cabinet glass, or does that buzzing lantern in your face already resemble a stupendous struggling insect, one that's guiding itself, directing its own mad flight--" but here the voice went off into peals of wild laughter and tried to borrow money. And that wasn't all! Because the bag of lunch I carried between my knees was jerking like a magic act at about the time when a thin tamale color existing inside the bag was no longer apparent. What an uncertainty this was! At times it could even make me forget whether or not I saw walls inside my car in front of the steering wheel or had already sat down crash on a window that used to gape in a wall. In short, it had turned me into a real dobber and I kept putting in the pocket of my shirt a handful of nails and a rubber ant.

(from JMB's SPITTING DDREAMS)

Another tiny special story

PRUNES

It was an evening in prunes an old affection for prunes and whatever other hogwash gets through behind your head. I had once hid in a hollow behind a clump of prunes, where I was surrounded by a thick barrier of titan shapes (like ferns). These were surrounded by a thick barrier of worms, their shining arms joined beneath pride of the Navy primative in a person's nose. I heard it when you sang or coughed. The new closet joined yr silly rope. And the hostile list like pork ice whistle foaming in yr pants. No surprise there. It's a thankless position, not worth the mysterious beings who roam the gravel and touch and taste portent of scandal and pulling out what appears to be prunes with crusts and hair. I wonder how you can picture the summer's growth of prunes, dark and wrinkled and floating there above the black sizzle of your frilly scrotum clinging to the tall waiter there were thousands of little men and women floating there in a queer kind of corruption. If the little men and women floating there were inherently impossible, it changed everything.

(from JMB of 10/8/08 etc)

Another tiny special story

THE PENDULUM OF TRUTH

I put my face in a cat and it coffed up sucked-in hairs. So that was some of it. And out on the lawn something was peering through the swami who'd been posing dead so many weeks that his body was beginning to develop rips. The thing peering through the rips was mimicking Jerry's Drive-In. A kid pulled in who'd had too much wine and at first from the awful shade of his nearly purple face we thought he was going to throw up on his date. But then he began to swing back and forth on the gear shift and we saw it was the pendulum of truth.

(from jmb's SPITTING DDREAMS)

NOTHING

Nothing makes much sense when you drop your trunk of hankies into the lake. No course of action seems to make up for such a lapse. Better had I grappled your toilet like a chairseat or accidentally slapped your watermelon like a toilet--but nooooooooo. The deed was done, the hankies gone into the drink forever. No matter what I could figure out, I knew I would wind up behind the eight ball with the nuns back at school. For something that had started as a minor mistake, this was growing to serious proportions. For an hour I walked back and forth along the shore, planning excuses to give and then eliminating each excuse as impractical. Finally I was perspiring so heavily that I took a running leap and plunged into the water, just to cool off. But when I came out something felt wrong. It took me a few seconds to realize I had lost my inflatable corpse dummy, and when I realized that it too had gone to the bottom, leaving a massive emptiness on my back, I could only feel impelled beyond keeping my Peter Rabbit notes, could only scrape at my skull with a knife till I was gacking up bone splinters through my nose and it was warm and fluid behind my teeth.

(from JMB's SPITTING DDREAMS and INSTRUCTION BOOK)

BELIEF

In my car I was holding a bag of sucks to my chest. Though regular and swell at the mouth, where the bats and bees exploit blubber mask like a chicken corpse for all it's worth, I had evidence for the first time that a doorway full of eggs can hardly boast such standout mildews. All this time I was thinking about sterilizing my glasses in the oven. Once again the bag of sucks, pulsing and slurping against my chest, made it seem as if nothing a stranger would dare call beautiful can cover something built to pinch a waffle and open all the coffins in yr face, and for a long time I believed this was the basis of flush 'n float.

(from jmb's SPITTING DDREAMS and EDDY)

RUB SHOULDERS WITH THE SOPHISTICATES

A friend of mine named Richard went jogging every day in his street shoes. By the end of the first month he'd developed a knot on his leg the size of a goose egg and a little later the incomparable yellow feelers that thrilled him more than parking lots dripping with blood of the sophisticates. In other words, a dozen painted walls with heads and guns seem to be there when what we really want to do is extricate the one who is talking slow as he stares through his mother's cataracts. Later he accepts our help with a certain condensation, but only so he can smell the seat of a chair and get wild.

(from JMB of 7/16/08)

BACKWARDS

And yet how much worse if I had seen a fat man chasing a floating burger. It made me feel that I would wind up unpleasantly confused whenever I was seeing double and carrying a hammer into a room I inhabited last week. In my armpit a cat was wheezing and, as always, I was half-tempted to think of this as one of the hell-worlds. It was jacketing cheeseballs and would follow a different course from the medium through which the butts were forced to focus on something very far away. At the same time my half-sleeping shoe in the baking pan could not understand what all the fuss was about. That's why I kept such close watch on all the other butts around me. This is something I have on my mind a lot. When the hour of total butt mystery comes, mankind may no longer be the dominant race.

(from jmb's SPITTING DDREAMS)

A SIGN

Sure I fell down the well into flames. Sure I entered with a diaper on my head and fed off the bacon of your scalp while rats attacked me, your long upper lip fraying in the wind, so to speak. But was all that a sign I was about to start losing my looks?

(from JMB's SPITTING DDREAMS and 5/6/09)

LAST IN LINE AT THE POTATO CHIP STORE

Kenneth's father, a big heavy man with shaggy eyebrows, had a long term drinking problem that blotted out everything. Two or three times he came close to stumbling over slobbery Mr. Bluster who was watching over sun glint filling that hole rustling in the sun. Not that Mr. Bluster noticed, but it was lucky for him that he didn't get his hand stepped on. By chance, both Kenneth's father and Mr. Bluster had spent years in the newspaper game but without ever meeting or recognizing each other. As luck would have it, at that same exact moment I was falling through a floorless room full of hams and clocks. So you might say I was sure to be last in line at the potato chip store.

(from JMB's SPITTING DDREAMS)

NOTE: In this case, the term "Newspaper Game" refers to guys who are frequently found sitting in the front row of a burlesque house with a newspaper over their lap.

ALL I AM SAYING

All I am saying here is yr kak was flopping, the whole gang struggling in yr locker. Yet at least one shadow at yr smokehouse never sleeps, it is called rope of pleasure. In the same way, how big their heads are, I thought. The poets around here have such crazy heads. So huge-headed they are they remind me of the old song: "Sucked into the nasal cavities / still wrapped tight, and that, / I'm told, is how the inky greens came to Beethoven." So I have to wonder how they ever manage to get those heads of theirs through the doors and onto the bus. Though I am not saying gumball slides bullet slides but fawn coat eats like a vote burns. I'm not saying "gumbile" either. Calling everything on your head "gumbile" is just luck, a frog pond drink or a fungus, an admission of secret prison (Newark Electric imitating all the g.d. bombing in yr garage or else like in the woods of whipped forms and real thudding found new in gut fool fusses). Still, when you get to know them they aren't so bad, and how many eaters and drinkers of brackish nasal corn truly understand that such a splash chance is not merely consumed for the sake of taste, or for the sake of future malnutrition, or for the sake of crazed onlookers, but out of deep reverence for wally, the huge-headed inventor of corn water!

(from jmb of 10/31/08 etc)

THE EXPERSONS

That passionate butt time, I smile. In the car I'm inside a duck I'm a face floating under the backseat. But out here there's passionate butt time to spare. Leaning over the whining steps of a dog I'm breathing dog hair and it changes everything. And sure enough, the incomparable whey leg shouter places his face underwater to see my knees--just like that which the pond furnishes in the light of any attempts to do so. There the feeling that she, my wife, wouldn't like it when a guy keeps daring me to glue a seed and a shoe lace on my glasses. The mistake that most losers make

Continued on next page

is in thinking this how a moment of library afterglow occurs. But in snoot-time the torch-bearers alone went forward and ranged themselves below a strange stone image--the Bat Ham as the warriors of nascent recidivist tendencies see him. The grocer up the street is trying to understand how I keep blowing my nose and in my wallet there's a picture of a staple gun. I remember Miss Experson quite by chance, when I came upon her family name just as I was stumbling on the dock and lost my voice. But it is something much worse--I suppose the best way to put it is to tell you the whole Experson family is endowed with dread and terror and *emptiness*. It was just as if all the bug guts dissolved in rain of a lifetime had come to life anew. At the last minute I wrestled my hand away and made a door of the toilet seat. Are These Expersons Sucking Me, I feared, and proferred a hair from the temple in the attic to my wife who jolted her chair in reverse. Now, it is just a matter of time. So many listening to me in the archive room now appear shrunken, less than a trashcan fulla heads, which makes me believe I waited for a bus in some woods and blew my nose as I thought of the empty grocery store.

(from jmb's SPITTING DDREAMS etc)

Another tiny special story

LOT

A little while ago we mentioned the budget cars and I said they're blazing on the lot to show there's always a poem not printed on paper coincident with how a distant voice keeps telling me I'm drinking too much coffee. I wasn't going to argue the point, but I had to smile to myself, and even chuckle, for I was remembering what the doctor said last year when I'd visited him about my rapid pulse rate and the many shits I was experiencing throughout the day. "Who could possibly need an autopsy for what happens in the Room of the Hook?" He did not elaborate or raise his voice, but

Continued on next page

even so, I found myself seized by a compulsion I cd not struggle against, and I danced around his office in a rather wild, sensuous rout. The music in my head mounted to a powerful crescendo, and on every side people screamed and chanted strange unintelligible words, and the dancing became more and more abandoned--until I realized my destiny was to wear my underwear like a mask with my nose hanging out where my leg should be. That's the way it happened. Just like I've been telling you. Beginning with my nose hanging out and living in the back of a buget car on the lot.

(from JMB's SPITTING DDREAMS and with the usual cheap apologies to August Derleth)

Another tiny special story

HORRIBLE GEORGE

In the motel room the huge white fridge at the end of the bed correctly divulged that back of the shower curtain a family of hogs went about the business of seeking the way of the alky. You start to laugh in denial but just then autistick fun rolls over the tumbled moon--the haw ked bladder kept on clinging rippled in its trance, first will it tell me again that I'm slobbering the words speaking twice and in a second coffing at night getting ready to draw my legs up and choke laugh die kill cry aloud about touching myself inappropriately far too often? This may even be something over which having the say means you yourself are smirking at your heavy splintered table leg, Wendel. But what most forecefully strikes me, what I can never forget, is your great humanist story the one that says I'm swarming swirling my toothbrush in the glittering toilet which flickers in the lurch of my underwear bursting as the big white fridge at the end of the bed starts saying that back of the shower curtain lives a family of hogs or some damn thing. And back home, where were these ideas coming from in the first place? Maybe somebody was living under the house. Hard to know. But could be he was and after he ate 3 or 4 of the cats we started calling him Horrible George . . .

(from jmb's SPITTING DREAMS etc)

Another tiny special story

WORSE THAN TORTURE

I was told to get a plate and not just eat off the table. The floor was forbidden me, also. But it is certain when I explore with my fingertips or even push down and palp with all my weight on the lumps and bulges and what-not that animate the acute pains in the neck cloud floating in the gasoline, I can sense another world, one beyond mere dreams of a Butt Ham that dreamed of maggots swirling under its pillow and saw a typewriter with its teeth leaping like you yourself leap when there's a river in your closet and you're being smothered in waves with wet wire hangers the hooks biting your skin and ripping. I don't know about you, but at the end of a day of this I'm at my worst. I don't know about you, but all this really pisses me off.

(from jmb's SPITTING DDREAMS etc)

Another tiny special story

DON'T SQUIRT

Supper dork don't squirt what looks to you like a whale; don't even drown into the moment where a sharply defined thing of wine-mellowing searches for a hindoo to phone. I communicate these ideas in whatever form is most true. I mean them for the numbnuts the ones sneaking their numbnuts past in the shadow box and as tho' through walked the she-low sometimes rises above your eyedrops and in response I find myself forming a leisure suit from my squirting slipping in my squirting trying to flow errect in the mist of squirting I remember hot in the basement. Best of all there was a pencil quivering in my nose. It was when this was but a little more than sixteen or seventeen inches up my sinuses that I had the idea of moving my eyes far enough back to be like looking at flames. Success! Before the cod fleece flakes, I was moving my eyes far enough back to be like looking at flames but not like looking at flames, if you know what I mean. Not a man at the head of a university dept could I find who had the vision to see the possibilities of my work.

(from JMB's SPITTING DDREAMS etc)

Another tiny special story

AGAIN

Saw that spider again unrolling all the toilet paper. I wondered why we kept meeting up this way, and why my stomach was so grunty now when I had eaten only six or seven plates of beans for breakfast, and why I kept thinking about a girl on the bus her eyes insane with the yarny black wig stuffed inside her mouth.

(from JMB's SPITTING DDREAMS)

Another tiny special story

PASSIONATE

Here where passionate butt time reap time same as passionate loose time slot time, and even more closely watched where the leaves are flung into the air by what yr hair did after it left yr mouth, a woman fraught with twisting like a tundra prepares to remain passionate about Magnetism Nature's Tonic. She doing it in a way that reminds us how you see life as tragic and full of water. I think that you also may be dreaming that an out-licked bayween is what you need to see the magic chocolate jello with its violet eyes and ruined smile. You are like the one who pours the filler past the hand release--and puzzles cut inside yr pocket as lumber wolves trotting around a bag of string. One day the moment will come and all your cute tricks will turn and fall on you like what a lot of things rush toward--that crowding that passionate hope clutch whap a game noter. Your thought-bundle for dugo passionately fulla ants and an inspiration will show you how colassal are the plans they have for yr juevos.

(from jmb of 12/31/08 etc etc)

BE CAREFUL

Saw a rubber jokepuke on my shoe which turned the whole scene into a repulsive symbol of obvious filthy excess. We are inundated daily by a flood of similar jokepukes so numerous that I can no longer stand to wipe them off my shoes with my glasses. This explains why I said be careful when you dropped yr purse.

(from jmb's SPITTING DDREAMS)

THIS DREAM

Finally yr tube condition would even be familiar to someone who was crawling in the attic and lay down on a door, the very same door you like to lick in a dream. What can be told of such a dream to one who probably has never tried to imagine what a spurt of blood in a car would be like for lunch? What can be told of such a thing, to one who has never much dreamed of blood for lunch but only eaten misto peas day-in day-out? What the hell are misto peas, anyway? No answer, but that doesn't stop me from sticking my dick through some heavy chicken wire at the fence. Well, I guess we know what comes next. And yet this heavy turnover in dreams has been good for me. I feel larger than life, and as though with my ignorance of misto peas, flexing my knees before I leap in and repair the TV with a brick, I would have to say I have all the grand expectations of a big gray cab driver. I even heard somebody wanted to suck and eat clouds. If you were to ask me to describe what I'm really doing here, I'd have to say that in this dream I'm about to drape my head with a sheet full of figures coming out wrong, plus lots of twisted napkins, but no misto peas.

(from jmb's SPITTING DDREAMS)

FOLK

So that the mutt bursts from my hat honey there's the finish with little bald heads still moving around behind the fence. And only one way to escape the dimwit still smiling in the dusk. He had particularly admired the characteristic of people who spend their time asking themselves, "Is this life? Should I go off on a tramp in the woods? What if the tramp dies?" thus undermining the only triumph that counts, that is, standing as though chow gone for good, lost between a tomb and some fingertips, which cannot be that great a gig. Do you see what I mean? Just look at it and all the while folk yr jumbo road leg. Folk yr ha borit ya too. Folk yr plu neck grud lent. Folk yr hamburgers. Folk yr rope. Folk yr lotta yak hot. Folk yr lek lek an tut tut. Folk yr brit tool. Folk yr mote. Folk yr knot flamed. Folk yr shoe gland. Folk it fore it strikes again. Folk it folk it--don't you understand?

(from JMB of 4/30/08)



A final tiny special story

SMILIN' JACK

Off in one corner, a fat man in a swami's costume was unconscious behind the LPs.

It was a very different situation from wondering, as you had been accustomed to do, whether the narrow world at your feet might suddenly open to reveal some vigorous, but quite unnecessary, digging.

Clearly this was a much better situation & as though wet in dreams a place where you cd also spot a lurker figure in black, watching your moves. Watching & watching. You noticed him this morning, too. He was breathing like a sick kid. You tapped his wax nose & it rang like a breakfast food.

Flinging his hands to his face, he let the wax nose plop to the floor where it stuck to your shoe. You stared down at it, your eyes two round pools of wonder.

Here it was, everything you had always wanted: a wax nose stuck to your shoe & a fat man in a swami's costume unconscious behind the LPs.

(special thanks to John M. Bennett)





MAN WITH HIS NUTS ON HIS NECK

BENNETT BATTLES ON —





LUNA BISONTE PRODS